

I'm Starving

Spouse

Yo, ain't shit changed, still bony, no bold flex
Google and some titties when my girl won't give me throat sex
Swag, stressing, strong out cotex, wishing I could get my money back from them hoe shit
American proletariat, ?, no inheritance, heresy think my lyric's embarrassing
I'm a sonar spider, man, ripping chemical vitamins
Spinning general ciphering, gripping emerald Heinekens
I sold LP smoked OP's, you smell me? That's Wells Beach
I'm on my soil chilling on a winter's night
I ran out of oil that's the shit I don't like
I came in the game with a brain, not an amulet
I need the cannabis not what is on the mannequin.

I procreated so you know I need the money
Must have saw me looking scrawny and they thought I wasn't hungry.

I'm starving, I'm starving
Shall I eat all the food in your apartment?
I'm starving, I'm starving
I might even eat the shit up in the garbage
I'm starving, I'm starving
I'll eat the whole turkey, you don't gotta carve it
I'm starving, I'm starving
I'll eat the walls and the ceiling and the carpet.

Yo, it's the ugly white rapper, no, not Paul Wall
But the one from the North doesn't say oh y'all
I got a ten sec that's like eight more balls
And Imma blow trees till the acorns fall
High up, it's like I'm riding in a beamer
When I'm in a Niece song I rhyme Peters in the speakers
High up, same shit people that I came with
Still up in main bitch, I ain't that famous
And this isn't a commercial, but it would be if I hadn't been dropped from Universal
They say you gotta pay to fly
You want files on a plane and them stakes is high
So I'm sitting at McDonalds, I don't got a dollar
Imma spit? in the saliva at the bottom.

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This is East of Eden mixed with Reasonable Doubt
I made an album for the label but they never put it out
Paid my dues now I'm waiting on the couch
Made enough of rap for down payments on a house
I up come hither, the blunt and drum hitter
The humble hum bringer, the mumbling gun slinger
High up, truck beds, middle class butthead
Nickelback, little cash, enough said, cripple swag
Busy back like a tramp stamp, low Cal, made a hundred grand in a month, but
I'm drunk now
Busy luckily, that's what squeeze is, genius covered in the crumbs from the
cheeses
I cut the fame minimum, nickname?, whip game miserable, rip cage visible.

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Skinny women lose weight like.

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